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THE BEAUTIFUL SEX.

DR. WENDEL should have been taken more seriously when he says that man naturally is and should be more beautiful than women. Instead of the comic remarks with which this assertion has been greeted it should be regarded scientifically.

On the average are not men more beautiful than women?

Look up and down a street car and note how few beautiful women there are. Take a front seat at the theatre and look back over the audience. Are there more beautiful men or more beautiful women?

Of course the answer depends greatly upon how beauty is defined and what it consists in, whether it means good looking, pretty, fine looking, charming or what. If beauty is defined as loveliness no men are beautiful, for a man ceases to be lovely when he enters at the age of six or seven upon the freckled period of boyhood. Neither is a man pretty if he is thoroughly masculine, because prettiness is a feminine quality.

If beauty means symmetry, the personification of strength and power, the concrete expression of nature, then it is quite safe to assert that there are more beautiful men than beautiful women.

More men than women carry themselves well. They do not so often overdress. When successful they display it in their bearing rather than in physical ornamentation. Fewer of them are fat. Almost none are artificial in the color of their hair, their complexion or their figures.

Beautiful women of any age are rare.

Pretty, there are in plenty. Any young girl who is not pretty has herself to blame, for her natural color, her natural hair, her grace and charm are impaired only by some act of her own, usually in the foolish trying to improve upon nature.

What Dr. Wendel probably referred to is the fact that in all forms of life except man the male animal is the more pulchritudinous. That is because the male is the pursuer. He seeks the favors of the female. He dominates her. He makes himself attractive for her. He fights for her favors. The weaker rooster is driven from the barnyard, the weaker buck is chased from the herd. Nature's process of selection eliminates the weaker and less handsome males.

In the human race in civilized countries this is reversed. Among savages men continue to adorn themselves. They tattoo their bodies, slit their faces, put rings in their noses, curl, oil and put gold dust on their hair, while the women strive not to be the most beautiful, but to be the most useful to their lord and master.

In civilized countries, nowhere more than in New York, is this process reversed. It is the man's business to be useful, to work hard and to produce the money for the women to spend on their adornments. The competition is not among men for the favor of women, but among women for the favor of men and for the envy of other women.

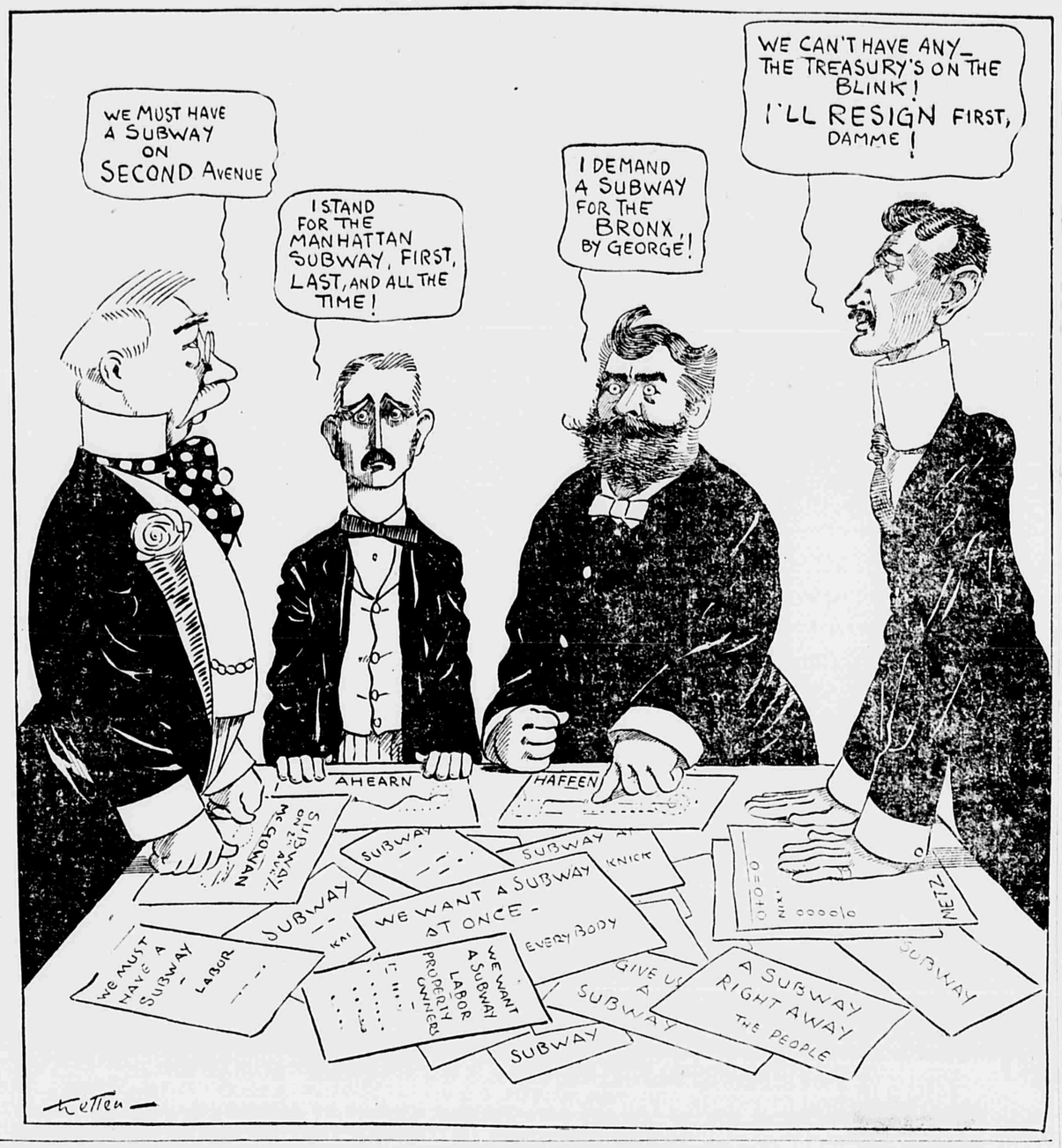
No woman dressed in the height of fashion can do anything useful without spoiling her clothes. She cannot cook, or wash, or launder, or nurse babies. She can much less milk a cow, or work the garden, or help gather the crops. To do any of these things she must dress simply like a working man.

Boiled down, this is a conclusive argument that women in New York are the superior sex, because all through the history of the world it has always been the inferior sex which toiled in disregard of its looks, and always the superior sex which adorned itself with the results of the inferior sex's labor.

Anyhow, why should not a luxuriant growth of hair properly marcelled and peroxided be as beautiful in the form of whiskers on the face as on the top of the head?

The Special Subway Committee.

By Maurice Ketten.



Why Do Wives Make Husky Husbands Wear Overcoats and Rubbers When They Themselves Brave Pneumonia in Paper-Sole Shoes?

By Roy L. McCardell.

ROY L. McCARDELL

"WHY don't you wear your rubbers?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "The first thing you know you'll be laid up with a cold, and I'll have to nurse you! I should think you'd take a little precaution"——

"The walking isn't so bad," said Mr. Jarr. "And, anyway, I won't be out in the weather—the subway takes me right to the office."

"Its terrible slushy," said Mrs. Jarr, "and I want you to wear your overshoes. I suppose you have lost them now!" she added. "Was there ever such a man? He loses every umbrella he takes out, he loses his overshoes; he'd lose his head if it wasn't fastened on him!"

"Oh, never mind; never mind!" said Mr. Jarr testily. "I left the overshoes at the office."

"You did nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Jarr. "I saw you take them off when you came home the other night. They cost me a dollar. Everything is so dear these days. I remember when rubbers only cost 50 cents a pair, and now the cheapest you can get are 85 cents, and they are not very good quality at that. Those you have lost I bought myself and paid for out of my own money, and now you've lost them!"

"It doesn't matter," said Mr. Jarr, who was in a hurry to escape. "I'm sure I left them at the office, and, as I told you, the walking is fairly good, so what's the difference."

"It's a great deal of difference," said Mrs. Jarr. "I don't know why it is that I have to look after everything and everybody in this house! If my back is turned one minute the children are out of the house without their leggings or without their mittens, and the first thing I know they have terrible colds in their heads, and little Willie has a cold on his chest now and coughs something terrible and keeps me awake at night; but I notice you don't disturb yourself to look after the children or anything. They could cry all night for a drink of water and you'd pretend you were sound asleep!"

"But what has all this to do with my wearing overshoes?" asked Mr. Jarr

"It has nothing to do with your wearing overshoes and it has everything to do with it," replied Mrs. Jarr. "It just goes to show that every responsibility in this house is left to me. If I do not look after everything and everybody"——

Mrs. Jarr had to just stop at this point, the results of her being remiss in the slightest particular being too terrible to contemplate, let alone frame in words.

"I thought you said you were going downtown with me," grumbled Mr. Jarr, poking around behind the hall rack for the missing overshoes.

"I intended to," said Mrs. Jarr. "But you've got me so upset that I declare I don't know what I am doing or what I intend to do!"

"I hate to wear rubbers!" growled Mr. Jarr. "They draw my feet and give me a headache, but, just to satisfy you, I'll wear them if you'll tell me where they are."

"They are where you put them," said Mrs. Jarr. "Nobody in this house touches your things."

"I put them right here," said Mr. Jarr.

"Mamma, Willie looked papa's wubbers," said the little Jarr girl; "he tooked them into the bafftub and was playin' boats wit' 'em, and dey sunked to de bottom."

Mr. Jarr went to the bathroom and returned with the rubbers, which he had fished out of the bathtub.

"Button your overcoat!" said Mrs. Jarr, as they went from the house; "do you want to get pneumonia?"

"You haven't any coat on at all; look to yourself," said Mr. Jarr.

"I've this fur neckpiece, I couldn't wear a heavy coat in the stores," said Mrs. Jarr.

Just then Mr. Jarr caught a glimpse of her feet as she lifted her skirts and side-stepped a puddle. "Well, by George!" he exclaimed. "If you aren't out in low cut shoes without any rubbers yourself!"

"I can't wear my high rubbers over these shoes," said Mrs. Jarr. "They look too awkward. I had invisible rubbers but I must have lost them somewhere."

"But with those paper-thin soles?" said Mr. Jarr. "You'll have wet feet sure!"

"You mind your own business!" said Mrs. Jarr, shortly.

When Bill Thinkuvit Comes Home at Night.

By F. G. Long.

Letters from the People.

Chicken Farming.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What a neglected opportunity there is in poultry raising for people looking for something to do. It is an occupation both light and pleasant and healthful, with a ready sale at cash prices, and no danger of getting the market overstocked. There is a constant demand for poultry and eggs, and always will be. I have made over 300 per cent. some years and never less than 200 per cent. I have demonstrated that poultry can be raised for 12 cents per pound and eggs for 12 cents per dozen, where the work is done by the raiser himself. But the greatest money is from the eggs, which bring a steady and sure income. CHARLES HENRY.

Morristown, N. J.

Chances in Cuba?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

My brother intends to go to Cuba shortly. I have been told by some people that the climate in that country is not healthy, but that if men are careful about diet, etc., they can avoid, at least to a great extent, the bad influences of the climate. Any information that I may obtain, through readers who have lived there, as to the climatic conditions, especially in Havana, also as to the proper way of living in order to avoid illness, will be greatly appreciated and should interest many people. A. C. R.

Uptown "Mashers."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A girl asks what is a good name for lads with tan shoes and turned-up trousers who annoy girls on upper Seventh avenue in the evenings. Call them "Seventh Avenue Sissies," or the "Cologne Squad," or "Errand-Boy-by Day-and Would-Be-Sport-by-Night." B. U

An Experiment.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would like to know the meaning of the following interesting experiment, if readers who have studied physics and chemistry can explain it: While water in a kettle is rapidly boiling, you will discover by touching the bottom of the kettle that it is quite cool. When in said motion. I have often tried this. Why is it so? ANTHONY MOLINARI.

No. 153 Elizabeth street, New York.

The Story of the Operas

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 38.—RICCI'S "CRISPINO E LA COMARE" ("The Cobbler and the Fairy.")

ANNETTA.

CRISPINO TACCHETTO, a poor cobbler of Venice, was in despair. No one would buy his shoes. He had no customers and many children. His pretty wife, Annetta, tried to eke out a living by selling ballads. But no one would buy. Instead, every man insisted on making pretty speeches to her, much to Crispino's disgust. Foremost among Annetta's admirers was Asdrubal, an old Sicilian miser, who was, incidentally, the cobbler's landlord. Annetta turned a deaf ear to the old man's compliments. Asdrubal, in revenge, threatened to turn Crispino out of doors and seize his furniture for back rent.

The poor cobbler, overwhelmed by debts, his family starving, and with no prospects for better fortune, wildly declared that he would end his troubles by suicide. Off he rushed to find a lonely place wherein he might die. Annetta vainly tried to catch up with him and dissuade him from so mad an act.

Coming to a well in the suburbs, Crispino was about to hurl himself into its depths when the good fairy, Giusta, appeared before him. To her he told his troubles, and she promised to help him.

"I will make you a famous doctor," said she.

"A doctor?" he echoed in surprise. "But I'm an ignorant fool!"

"So are most doctors," she retorted. "You'll be no exception to the rest. And I shall use you to punish their stupidity."

Giusta went on to tell him that all patients whom he should visit would recover, unless she herself (unseen to all but Crispino) should appear in the sick room. As long as she was not present he might be assured of curing his patients. She gave him a bag of gold to pay his debts, and a huge doctor's sign, reading: "Crispino Tacchetta, Formerly a Cobbler, Now a Renowned Physician."

The fairy vanished just as Annetta ran panting to the spot in search of her husband. To the amazed woman Crispino told the whole story, and the couple returned home in great glee. * * *

But it is easier to claim to be a great doctor than to make other people believe in the claim. This the ex-cobbler speedily discovered. As soon as he hung out his new sign a mocking street crowd gathered in front of it. Asdrubal suggested that Crispino pay his debts before assuming new honors. The former cobbler replied to the sneer by throwing a handful of gold into the street. Two doctors happened to be passing. They joined in the jokes against Crispino. He began to fear he would have trouble in proving his greatness. He even had reason to think the populace might mob him.

At that moment there was a commotion in the throng. Bortolo, a mason, had fallen from a high building and was carried, dying, past the cobbler's shop. The two regular physicians halted the bearers and proceeded to quarrel as to what treatment the injured mason should receive. The only point on which they could agree was that the fellow was incurably hurt. Crispino looked first to make sure the fairy was not in sight. Then he thrust his way forward, called for bread, wine and herbs (using ridiculous Latin terms), and self importantly took charge of the case. As the victim was mortally injured, no one objected to the move. Crispino worked over the sufferer, while the grinning crowd looked on and made fun of his grave antics. Suddenly Bartolo came to his senses, and rose from the stretcher, wholly cured.

The fickle crowd howled with delight. They praised Crispino as a marvelous wonder-worker, snatched him up in the air and bore him about on their shoulders in triumph. The other doctors denounced him as a quack, but their words fell on deaf ears. The people were convinced. * * *

Crispino's fame spread all over Italy. His cures were miraculous. Invalids who had for years been bedridden were made well in a day, after taking his nonsensical prescriptions. All other physicians lost their patients. Dr. Fabrizio and Apothecary Mirabolano, who had shared Venice's medical practice, declared in vain that Crispino was an imposter. The ex-cobbler's cures spoke more eloquently than could all his enemies. He charged tremendous fees and soon was able to erect a huge, gaudy palace on the site of his old shop.

But prosperity was too much for Crispino. He became a miser, and grew insolent to his old neighbors and brutal to his wife and children. As a cobbler he had been a very decent sort of chap. As a rich man he was unbearable.

One day he returned home unexpectedly from Padua, to find Annetta had taken advantage of his absence to give a little carnival feast to her relatives and to some women of the neighborhood. In fury at such extravagance, Crispino kicked over the supper table and drove the guests and Annetta herself out of the house. He returned to find the fairy, Giusta, awaiting him. Puffed up with rage and self-esteem, he ordered his benefactress to leave the place, calling her a vile sorceress and other insulting names; quite forgetting he owed everything to her.

In punishment, the fairy struck the angry man senseless into a chair, making him believe he was transported to the underworld. Then, forcing him to sign a will, leaving his fortune to his wife and to the poor, she told him he was about to die. Crispino, in terror, begged for mercy. But Giusta would not listen. His better nature asserted itself. He pleaded for a half hour in which to say good-by to Annetta and the children. In a vision he was permitted to see his family weeping over his death.

"Spare me," he wept, "and I'll always be a good husband and father!"

On the instant, he came to himself, to find Annetta bending over him, and his friends crowding about his chair. Throwing his arms about his overjoyed wife, Crispino begged her forgiveness and hysterically promised to reform.

The story of "Mignon" will be published Thursday.

NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

Writes About

A Seventy-Year-Old Divorcee.

NIXOLA GREELY-SMITH

AT the age of seventy Mrs. Annie Josephine Kydd is seeking to be divorced from a husband who deserted her twenty years ago and who was a burglar at the time of the wedding.

Twenty years seems a very long time for a woman to wait for freedom that she could have obtained at any time.

The incident demonstrates once more how very little women care for freedom for its own sake, divorce being for them merely the opportunity to exchange shackles—if the bonds of matrimony may be so termed.

What, after all, can a woman of seventy want with a divorce? Her husband, a convicted criminal, is now insane. But having lived twenty unnecessary years under his name, her motive in discarding it at the brink of the grave is wrapped in mystery.

Perhaps it has taken her all this time to make up her mind. There is in the older generation—particularly the more ignorant portion of it—an instinctive aversion to the benefits of the social surgery—which is all that divorce amounts to. We hear elderly men and women discourse quite broadly of divorce in the abstract, but let the matter be brought directly home to them, let the son of the house want to marry a divorced woman or the daughter a divorced man, and all the ancient fires of superstition and bigotry are roused to white heat. Men and women have more prejudices in their own homes than anywhere else. They are apt to be harder and narrower in judging their own children than the children of others.

Neither in reason nor affection is there any excuse for what is popularly termed the "stern parent." But the father or mother who tries to prevent the premature marriage of a very young and foolish child does not come within this category. The young persons of sixteen and eighteen who write to newspapers complaining that their parents won't allow them to marry don't know how lucky they are. But the limit of parental interference is reached at the age of legal anticipation. Perhaps a young person of twenty-one really does not know whom he or she wishes to marry. Perhaps the French law making the consent of parents necessary to constitute a legal marriage when the participants are under twenty-five is better.

But we have to accept the laws concerning marriage and divorce as they are, not as we think they ought to be.

And twenty years is a long time in which to consider either question.

Policemen Put to the Test.

By Thomas Byrnes,

Ex-Chief of Police of New York.

"MY principle was always to put a man on his honor with me, and if he broke it I broke him. When I first took charge of the Detective Bureau I had only four detectives," said ex-Chief Thomas Byrnes, in an interview in the Philadelphia Press. "They were all older men than I was—I took that into consideration. I called them into my private office. 'Be seated, gentlemen,' I said. 'You are no doubt wondering why I kept you four men here. I'll tell you; principally because I believe you're on the level. So long as you stay that way with me, I'll treat you the same way. If you don't, I'll dismiss you from the service in disgrace. You can always count upon me as your friend, if you make mistakes, and we will all work together to make this the greatest detective bureau in the world.' These four men were as true as steel. I tested them not once, but forty times, and they never went back on their sense of honor to the department.

"There is a lot of backcapping in the rank and file of the police, and if the Chief once listens to that sort of thing he has lost his usefulness as a commander. If the men once discover that the Chief can be influenced either than by his own knowledge and discernment, he loses the respect of the force."